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## Tied Her to the Bull's Horns



"NERO IN THE CIRCUS."—From the Famous Painting by H. Sienradzki.

### Miss Maggie Warren Punished by Her Rejected Lover, a Canadian Ranchman, Just as Nero Tortured His Victims in Ancient Rome.

Winnipeg, Man., June 10.

FROM Rome in the days when Nero reigned, from the centre of the most luxurious civilization which the world has ever known, to an isolated ranch many miles beyond this northern outpost of the civilized activities of to-day, is a leap which challenges the most powerful imagination. To bring together those points of time and place in an actual deed of cruelty of which the history of the ancient Roman emperors furnishes the only parallel, would seem an impossibility.

Yet it is no longer reasonable to doubt that out in the wilds of Manitoba a modern Nero, with only his cattle ranch for an empire, recently duplicated one of the most spectacular of those scenes in the ancient Roman arena in which the early Christians suffered enforced martyrdom. Miss Maggie Warren, the beautiful daughter of another rancher of that region, lives to describe experiences similar to those of the heroine of "Quo Vadis"—how she was bound to the horns of a frightened bull and abandoned to the mercies of the panic-stricken beast.

The man who is charged with this classic outrage, John Petersen, a middle-aged bachelor, has fled from his ranch. Rancher Warren, father of the pretty victim, is reported to be on his trail somewhere in the Northwest, accompanied by two mounted policemen.

Petersen was an oft-rejected but still persistent suitor for the young girl's hand. In addition to her own charge against him is the well-known fact that the prosperous Norwegian was a man of education, with a habit of reciting the "high lights" of ancient history to the men employed on his ranch. He revelled in the glories of Imperial Rome. It is said that the walls of the living room in his comfortable ranch house were covered with prints of Christian martyrdom scenes in the Roman arena. A dog-eared copy of "Quo Vadis" was found on a shelf in his sleeping room.

Since last New Year's Eve Petersen had not visited at the Warren ranch, owing to the blunt request of Miss Warren's father that he should refrain from doing so. The reason for this request bears directly on the deed which so narrowly escaped having tragic consequences. When the proud Norwegian arrived at the Warren's New Year's party he found there one of his ranch employees, a red-headed youngster, who, though a Scotchman, had been nicknamed "The Mick." This youth was making himself conspicuously agreeable to Miss Warren. But, instead of exhibiting anger, Petersen laughed uproariously, then peremptorily ordered the youth back to his duties—namely, to "look after" Petersen's cattle. "The Mick" went, obediently; but Petersen soon realized his mistake in the attitude of his host.

Miss Warren appeared to take no notice of this incident. She greeted Petersen pleasantly whenever they chanced to meet. But it was not till the beginning of May that he found an opportunity to renew his proposals for the girl's hand.

Both were mounted, riding homeward from the little hamlet clustered about the nearest railway station. He had overtaken her as she was nearing the roadside buildings and cattle corral of the Petersen ranch. In a separate small enclosure a fine three-year-old bull, resenting his isolation from the herd, was pawing the dust over his shoulders while emitting an occasional indignant bellow.

"Because I do not love you."

Miss Warren's answer was in the same words she had uttered upon at least half a dozen previous occasions. They had walked their horses along the road beside the small corral where the restive young bull was covering himself with dust. Suddenly Petersen said:

"Wait till I tighten your girth—you've five miles yet to ride."

He dismounted. Suspecting nothing, she was in the act of dismounting—Independent of aid, in the Northwestern way—when he caught her in his arms tightly and covered her face with kisses.

"I will teach you to love me," he said as she struggled. "I am the only man in this region who is worthy of you. All the others are ignorant clods—mere dolts."

She broke away from him, blazing with anger.

"You!" she exclaimed. "You arrogant upstart! Why, you're so ig-

norant that you're the only man within a hundred miles of Winnipeg who doesn't know that your youngest employe, 'The Mick,' whom you despise and order about, is a Scotch gentleman, a member of the Clan MacFedries, and a graduate of Oxford University!"

Petersen turned purple—he was mad with wounded pride. As he leaped to seize her again in his arms she struck him across the face with her riding crop. Then, as he seized her again with a brutal laugh, the look she saw in his eyes caused her to faint from sheer terror.

It was better so, for the man must have been truly mad. His enormous natural strength was now the strength of ten men. Taking the lariat from the horn of his saddle and with the limp form of the girl tucked under one arm, he entered the corral. He dropped her long enough to seize the now frightened bull by the nose and one horn and throw him with an expert sharp twist of the neck. Then it was but the work of a minute for the rancher to bind the lax form of Miss Warren to the beast's horns and prod him to his feet.

As the maddened animal dashed out of the corral with his burden Miss Warren regained consciousness. She screamed for aid as the bull dashed for some undergrowth, where two of Petersen's employes were

"There She Lay, Lashed Prone Across the Horns of the Bull."



Miss Warren. Whose Rejected Lover Tied Her to a Bull's Horns.

at work repairing the barbed wire fence where it crossed a water course. The brute was now so nearly exhausted that the rescuers were able to seize him by the horns and bring him to his knees before he could dash the now unconscious girl against the nearest overhanging branches.

Evidently Petersen had speedily come to his senses and fled, for the horse he had ridden also was missing. Miss Warren's horse had cantered home with stirrups swinging—a warning of some accident to his daughter, which promptly brought Rancher Warren to Petersen's—his nearest neighbor—in search of news of her.

He found her tenderly cared for in the ranch house, and as he listened, with blood boiling, to the girl's amazing story he saw pictured upon the wall of Petersen's living room a similar scene in the Roman arena two thousand years ago—a print of the famous painting by H. Sienradzki, entitled "Nero in the Circus."

It is not considered probable that Petersen will permit himself to be taken alive.